

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

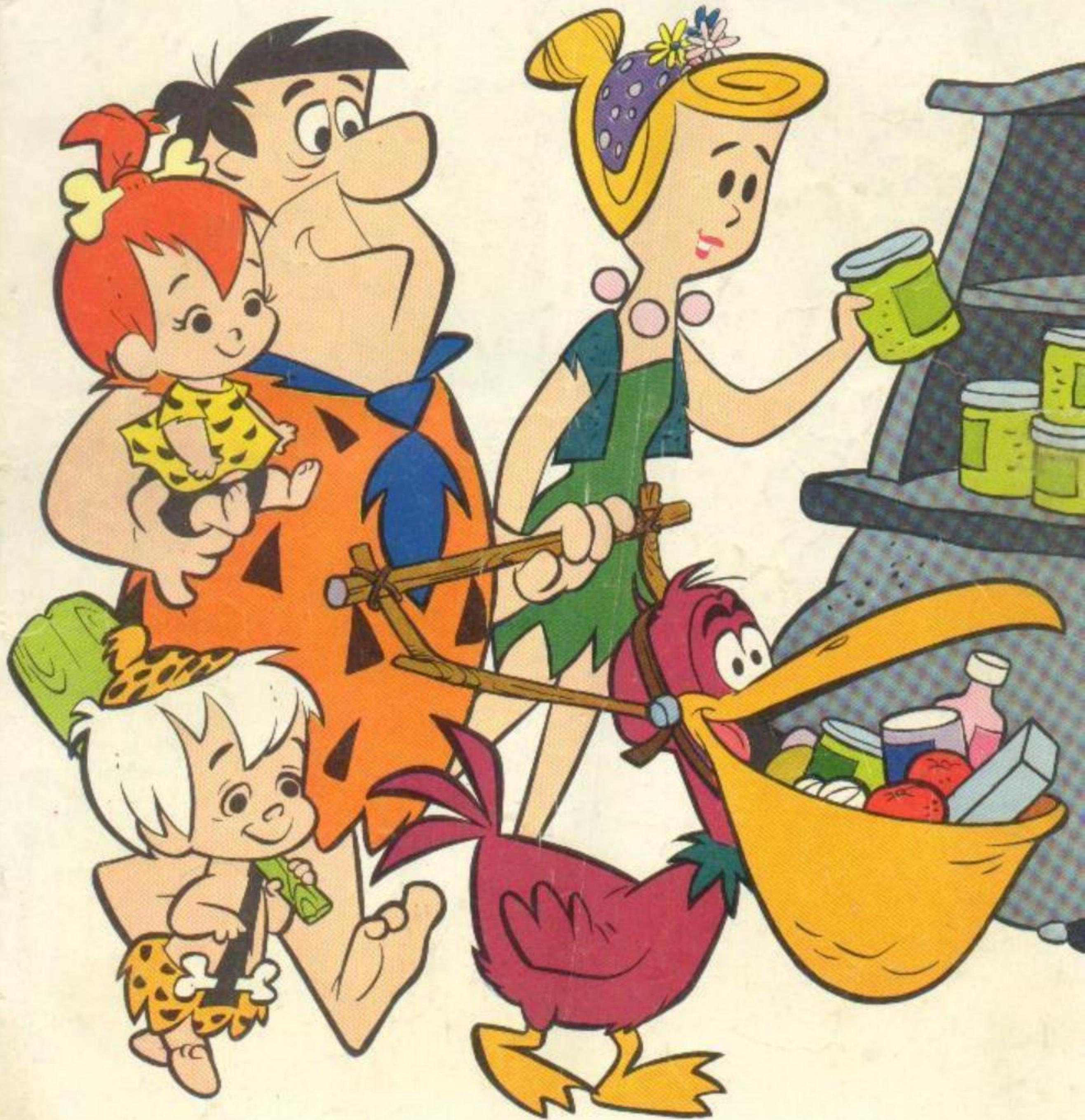
STILL ONLY

10006-409  
SEPTEMBER

HANNA-BARBERA

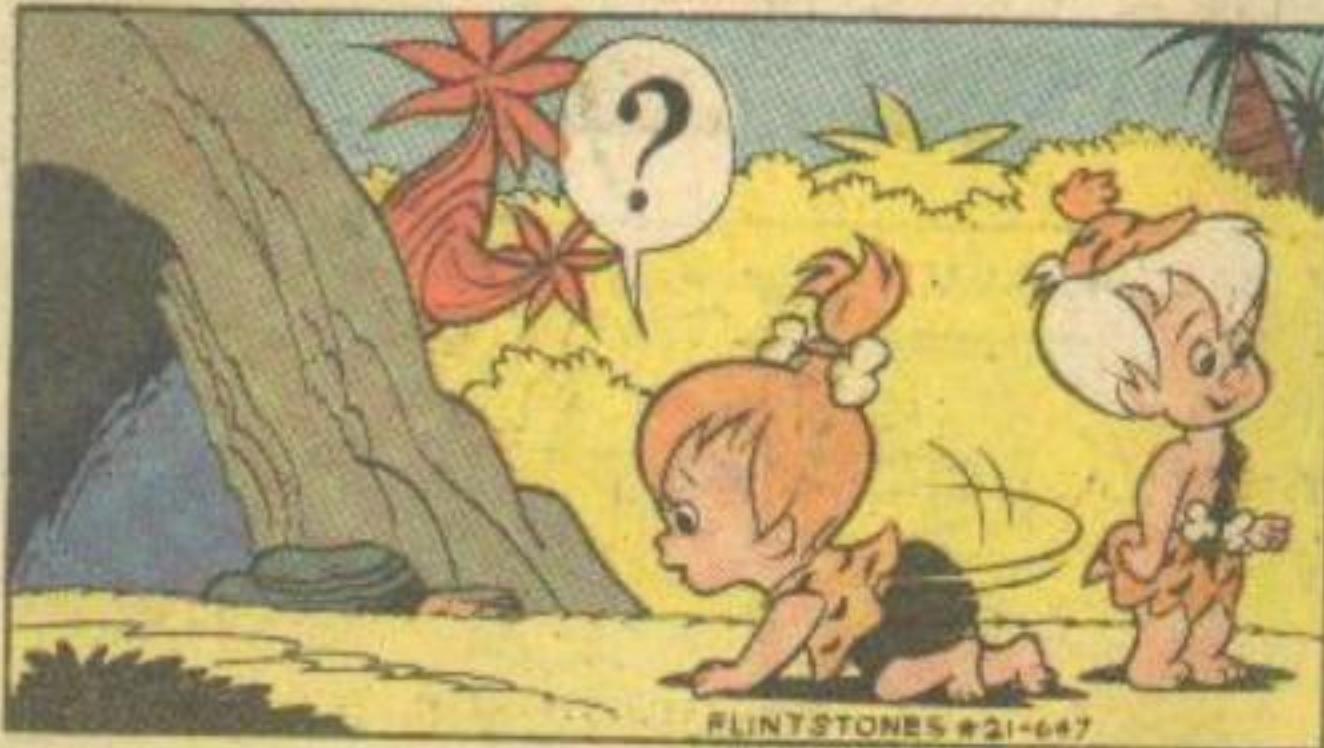
# THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Hanna-Barbera

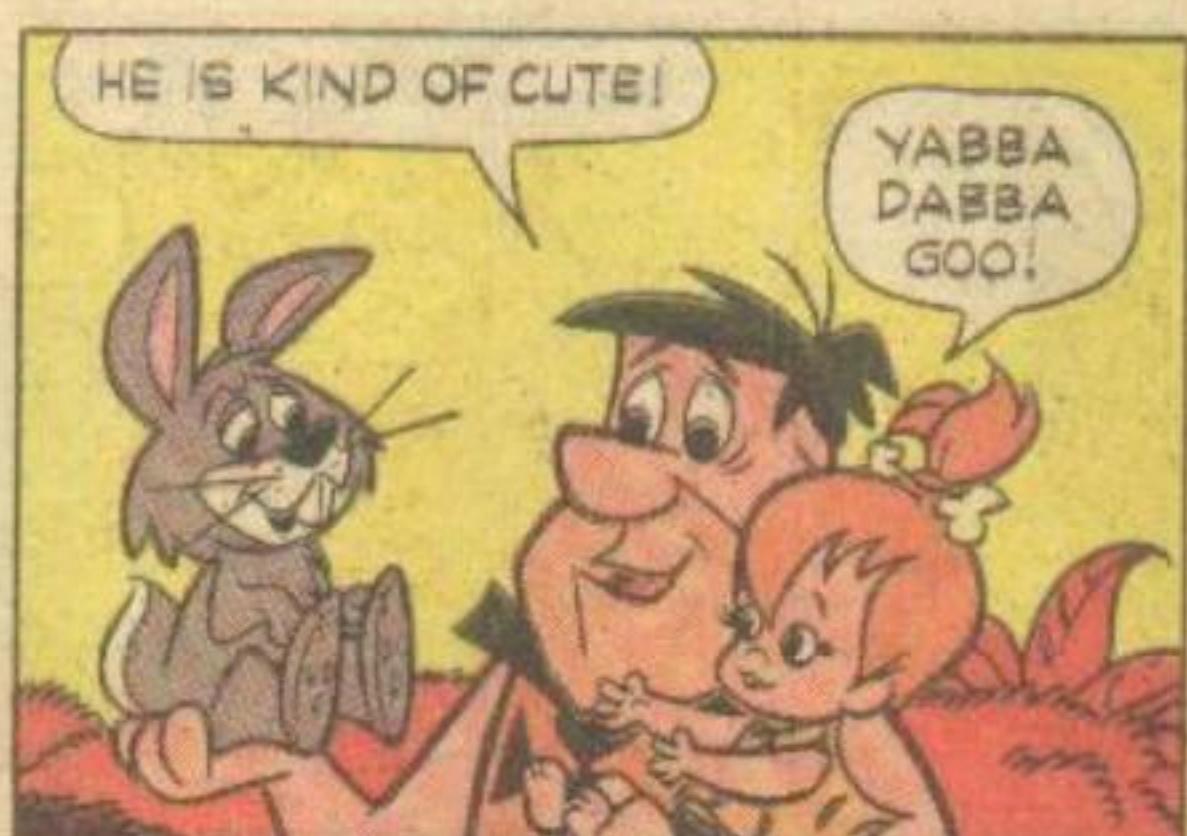
# THE FLINTSTONES FRACTURED FRIENDSHIP

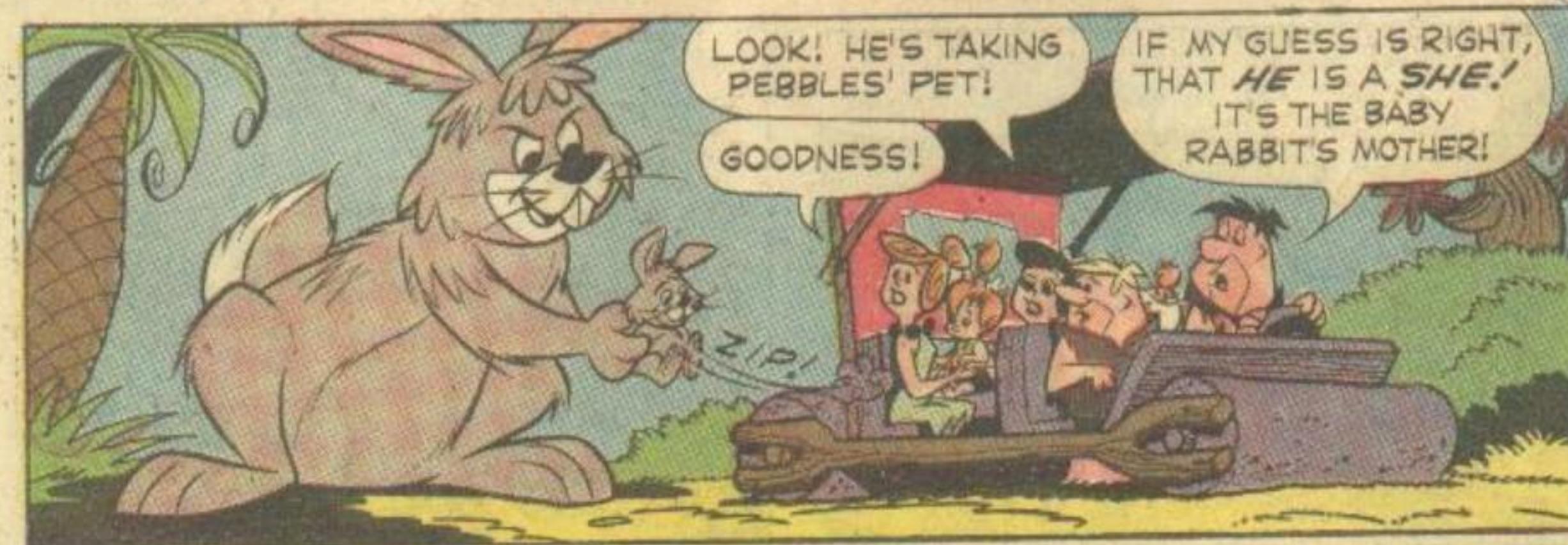
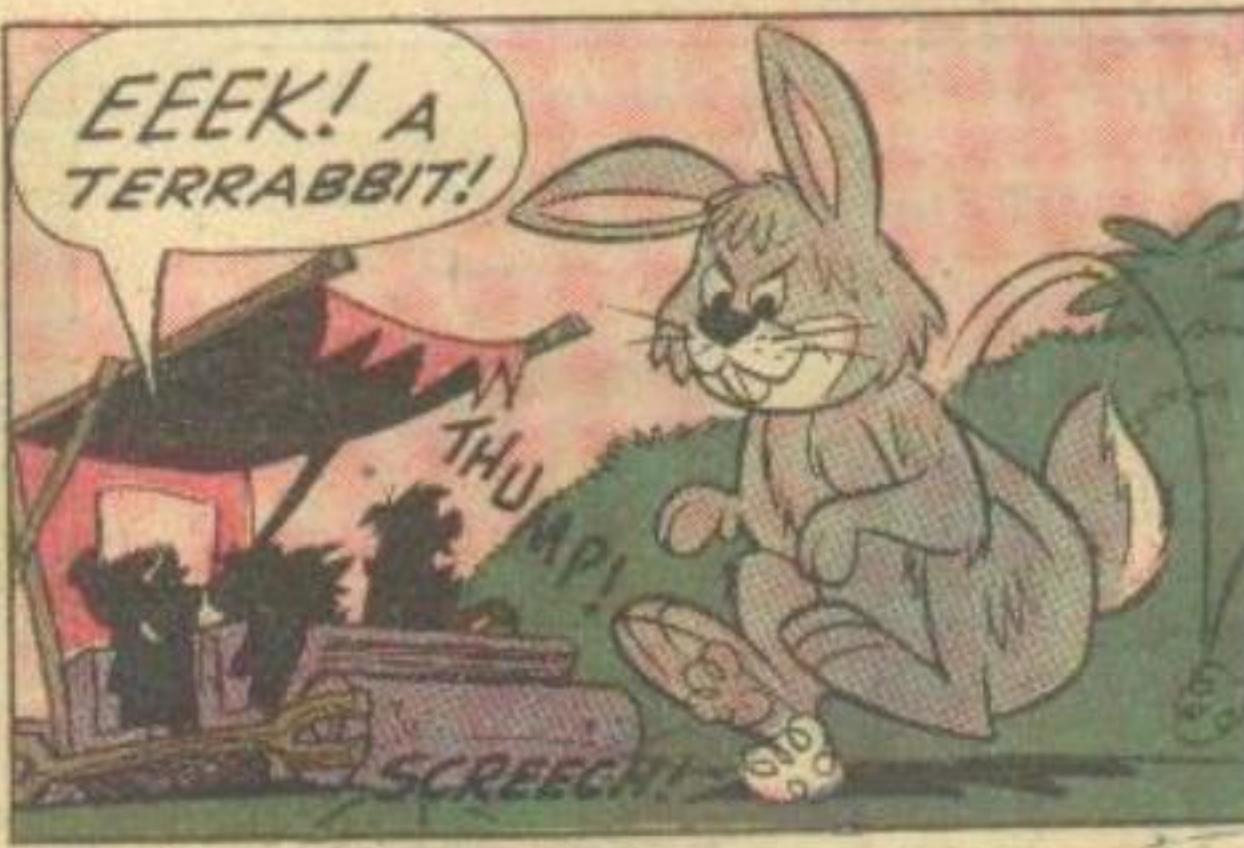


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REGULAR BABY RABBITS AND BABY TERRABBITS  
LOOK THE SAME UNTIL THEY GROW UP... THEN  
THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE!

YEAH... ABOUT **TEN FEET** DIFFERENCE!

THUMP! THUMP!

WHAAA!

SHE MISSES HER PET! I HATE TO SEE HER CRY!



WILMA ISN'T THE ONLY MOTHER WHO HATES TO HEAR HER BABY CRY...

MOMMA UNDERSTANDS LIKE MOMMAS ALWAYS DO...



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! SHE TOOK PEBBLES!

JUST LIKE WE TOOK HER BABY!

OH, DEAR! I THINK SHE WANTED A PET FOR HER BABY JUST LIKE WE DID FOR PEBBLES!



NOBODY'S MAKING A PET OUT OF PEBBLES!  
YOU GIRLS WAIT HERE WITH BAMM-BAMM!  
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

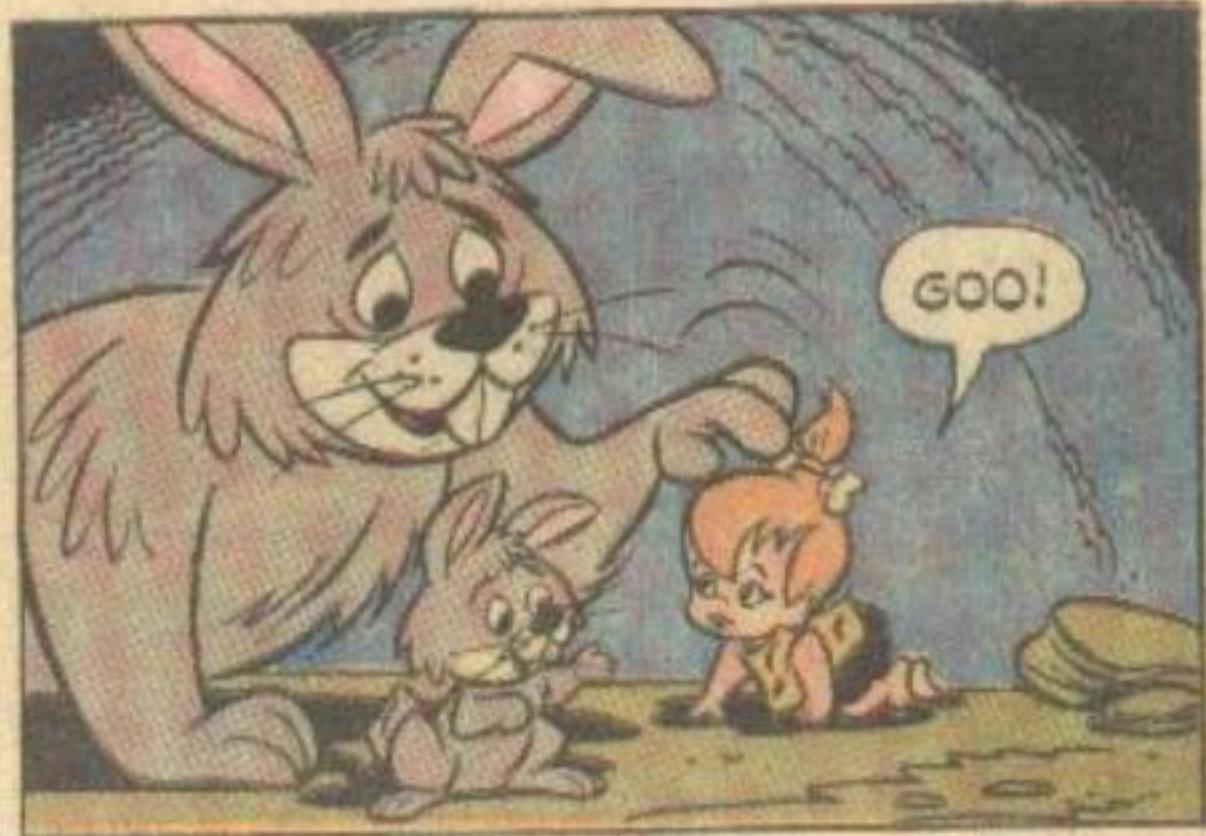


THEY MUST'VE GONE BACK  
TO THAT RABBIT CAVE!

ER...WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO WHEN  
WE FIND THEM?



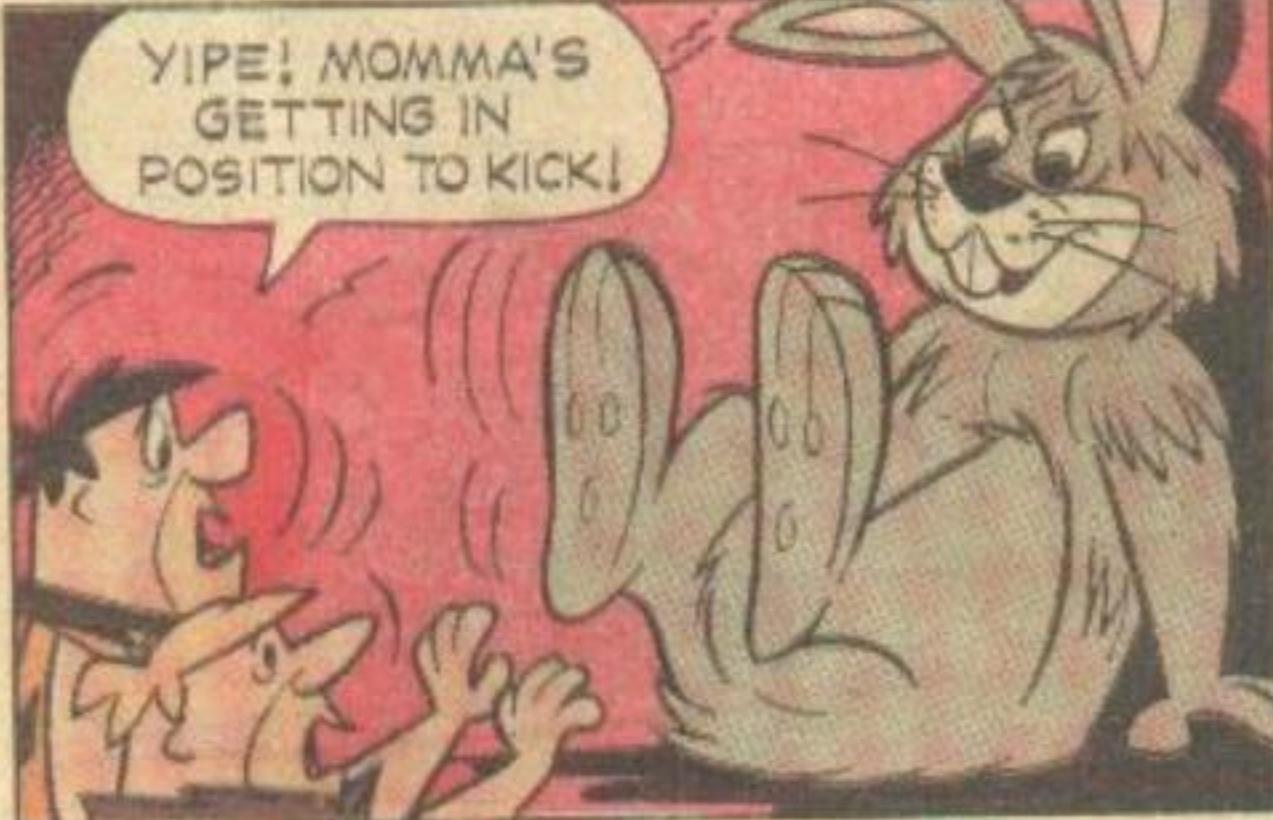
NO MATTER HOW BIG SHE IS, SHE'S  
STILL JUST A RABBIT! SHE CAN'T HURT  
US! WE'LL JUST GO IN AND GET  
PEBBLES!



PEBBLES!



YIPE! MOMMA'S  
GETTING IN  
POSITION TO KICK!



OWW! WHEN SHE KICKS SOME-  
BODY OUT, SHE KICKS THEM OUT!



"SHE'S STILL  
JUST A RABBIT...  
SHE CAN'T HURT  
US"... YOU SAID!

OKAY, OKAY! I WAS WRONG!  
BUT THE PROBLEM IS STILL  
HOW TO GET PEBBLES  
OUT OF THERE!



THE PROBLEM IS ABOUT  
TO SOLVE ITSELF...



FIRST WE'LL CALL THE NATIONAL GUARD!  
THEN WE'LL GET SOME ARMORED SUITS AND  
SOME TEAR GAS...OR MAYBE WE'LL...



(ULP!) I DON'T REMEMBER  
A FURRY WALL HERE!



SHE'S GIVING PEBBLES BACK!

GOLLY, IF I DIDN'T KNOW  
BETTER, I'D THINK SHE UNDER-  
STOOD THAT PEBBLES IS  
BETTER OFF WITH US!



I DON'T KNOW THE REASON,  
BUT NEVER LOOK A GIFT  
RABBIT IN THE MOUTH!

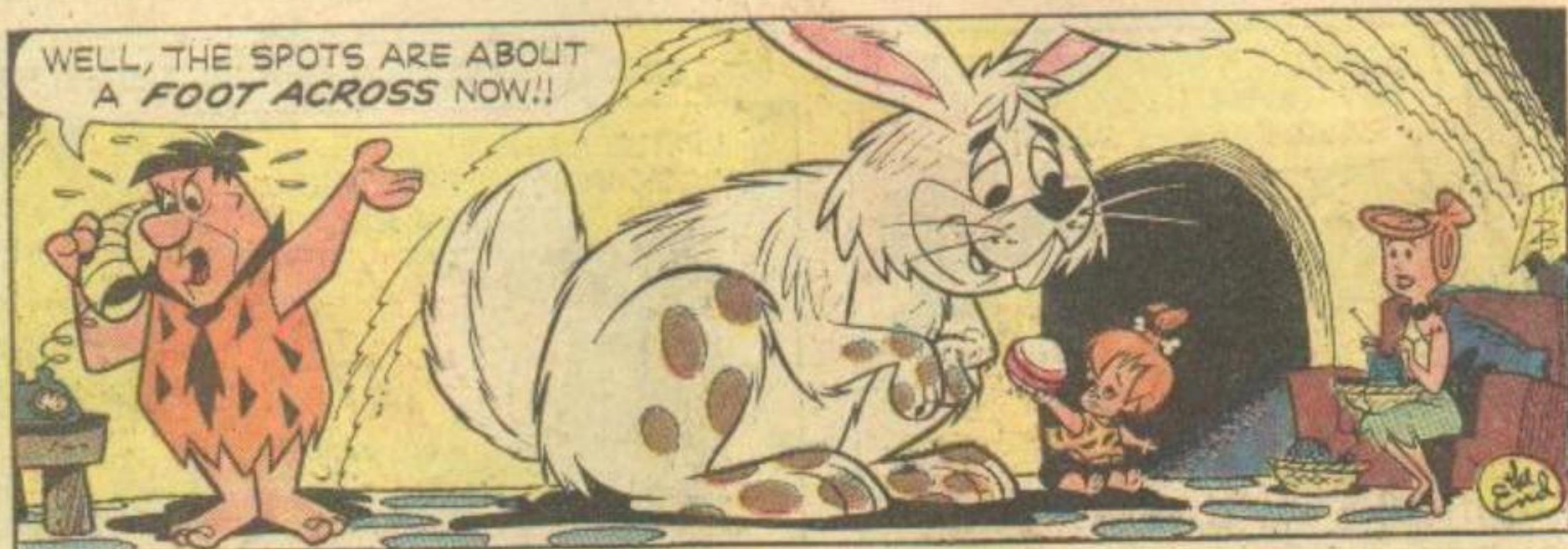
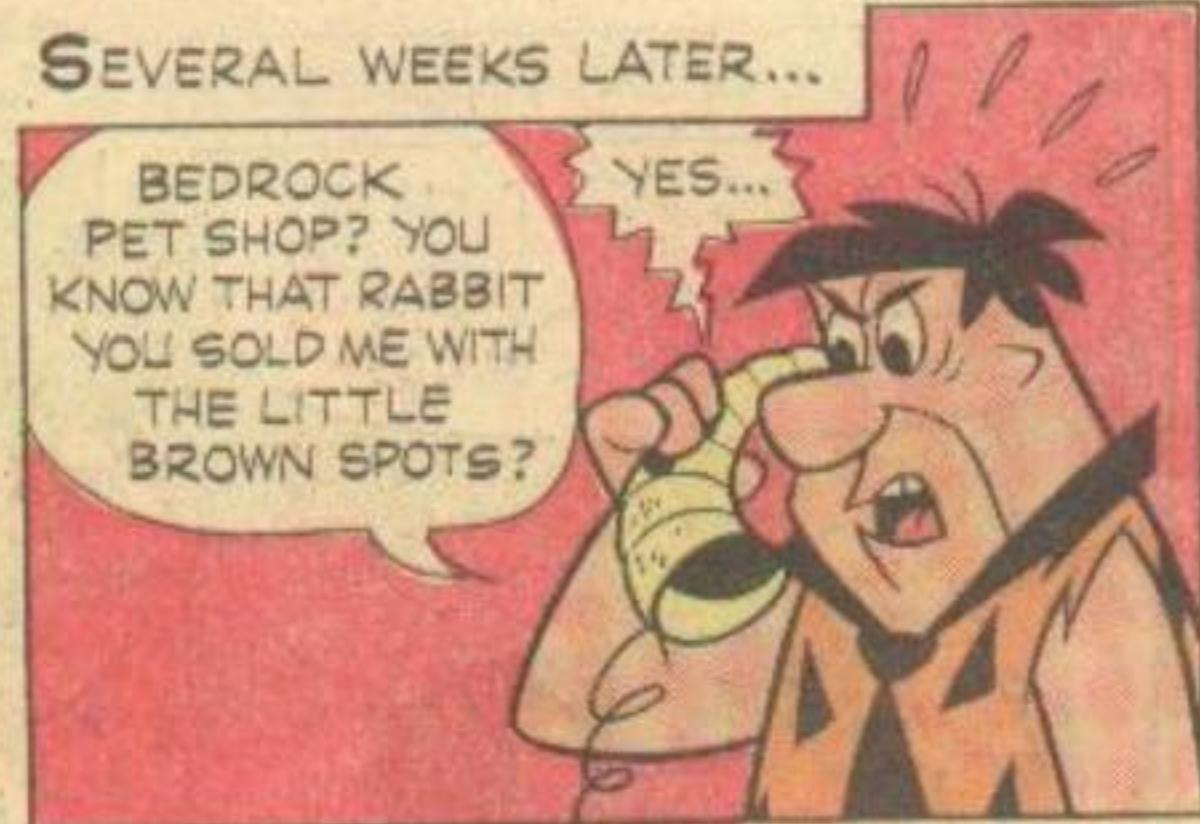


LATER...

IT SURE WAS A HECTIC DAY!

LITTLE PEBBLES STILL DOESN'T  
LOOK VERY HAPPY! SHE MISSES  
THAT RABBIT!





Hanna-Barbera

MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

# THIS WAS THE HOME THAT WAS

GOONDA'S PRIDE AND  
JOY IS HER GARDEN  
OF GRUESOMES...

(SIGH!) WHAT A BEAUTIFUL  
COLLECTION OF BLACK ROSES,  
GRAVESTONE LILIES, VENUS FLY  
TRAPS AND OTHERS TOO  
HORRIBLE TO  
MENTION!



YOO, HOO!  
IT'S FEEDING  
TIME!

GR-ROW-WWL!

NOT ME!  
THE STUFF  
IN THE  
BOX!



THESE GARDENING IMPLEMENTS  
CERTAINLY COME IN HANDY FOR  
FLOWER CARE!

THEY'RE JUST LIKE CHILDREN TO ME!  
SPEAKING OF CHILDREN, I HOPE  
JUNIOR IS HAVING A GOOD TIME  
AT CAMP WEIRDO!



AND JEVIL'S  
PRIDE AND  
JOY IS HIS  
DEMONIACAL  
DOG, ARFUL...

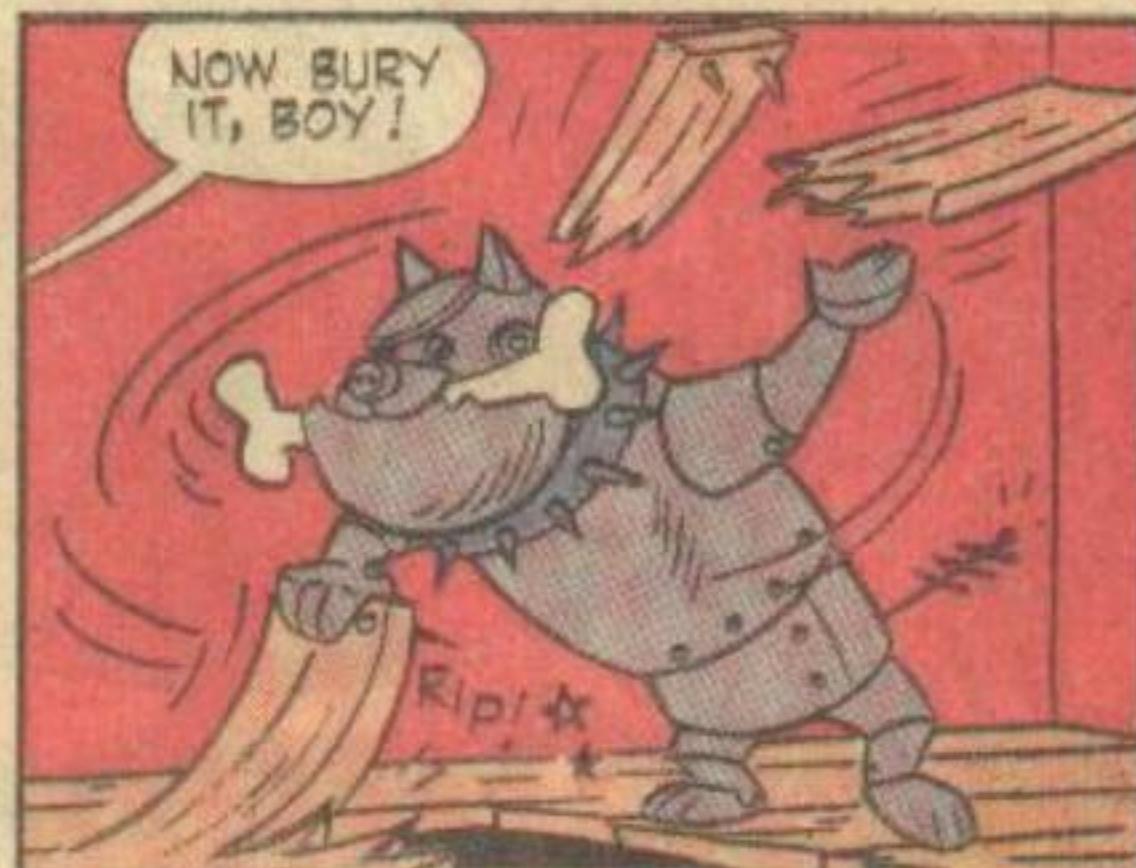
(SIGH!) I BUILT ARFUL  
WITH MY OWN TWO EVIL  
LITTLE HANDS!



GOONDA WILL  
NEVER MISS  
THAT SOUP  
BONE!

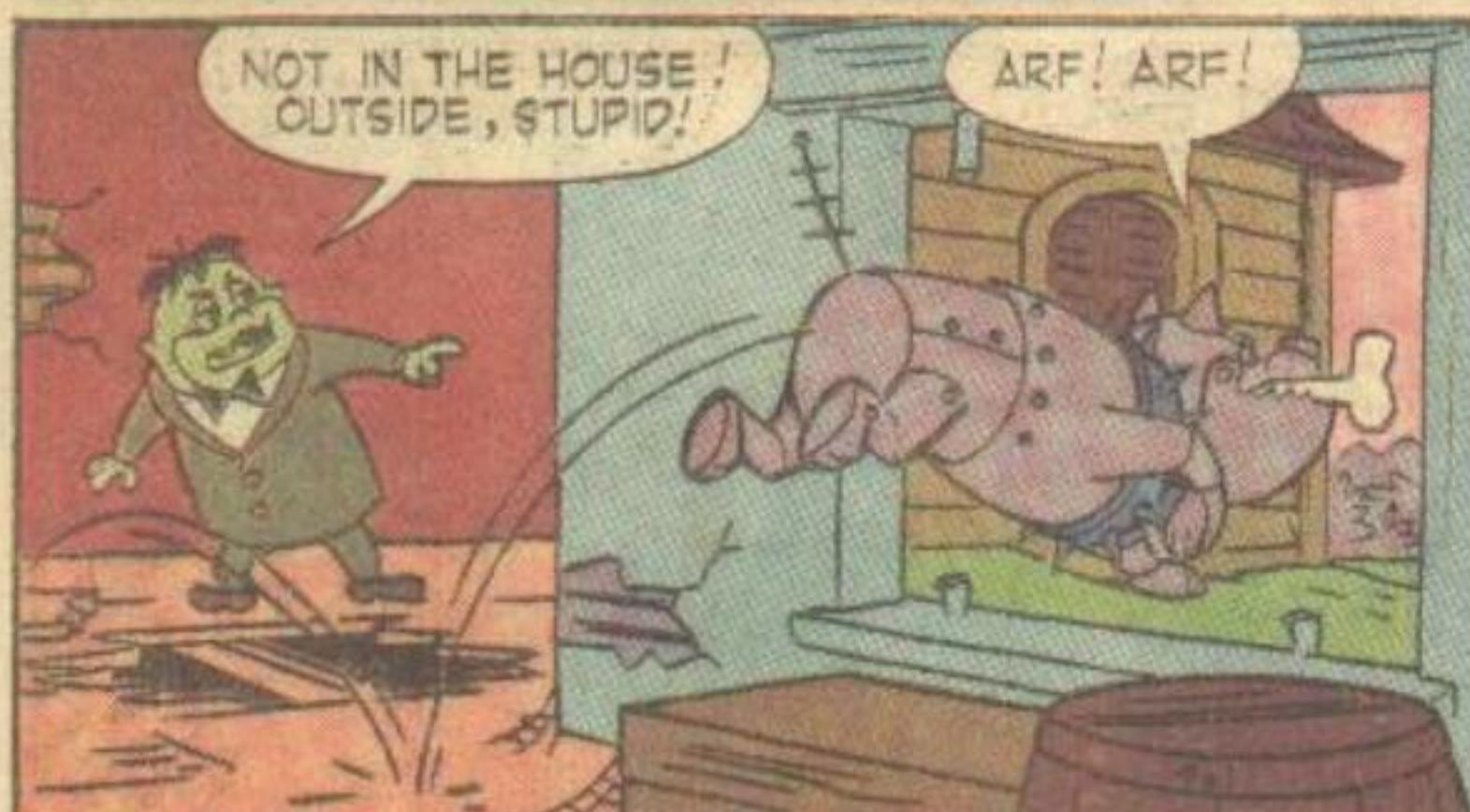


NOW BURY  
IT, BOY!



NOT IN THE HOUSE!  
OUTSIDE, STUPID!

ARF! ARF!



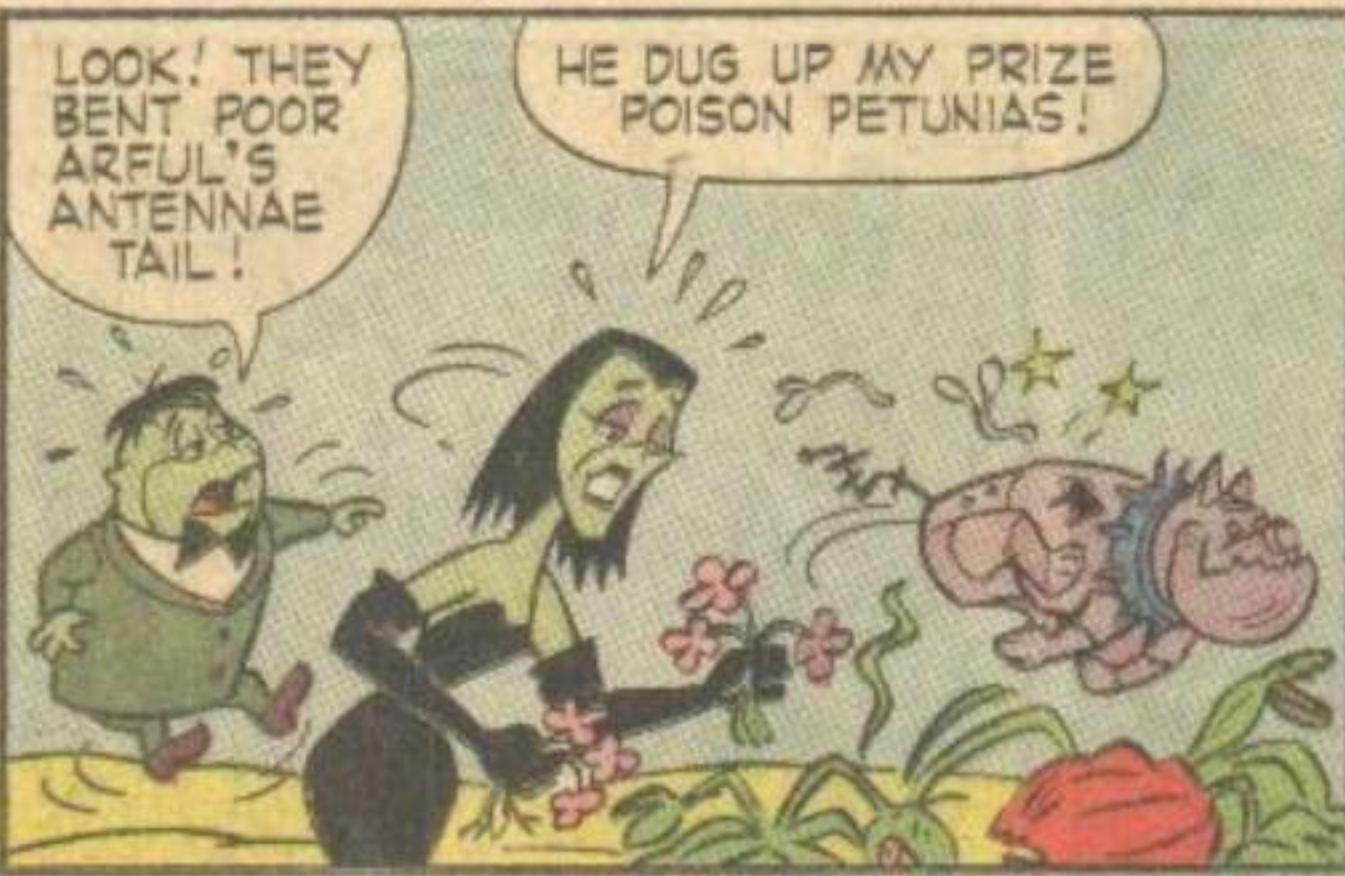
HE MAY NOT BE SMART BUT  
HE'S CRUEL, EVIL, WILD AND  
VICIOUS! AFTER ALL, YOU  
CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING!



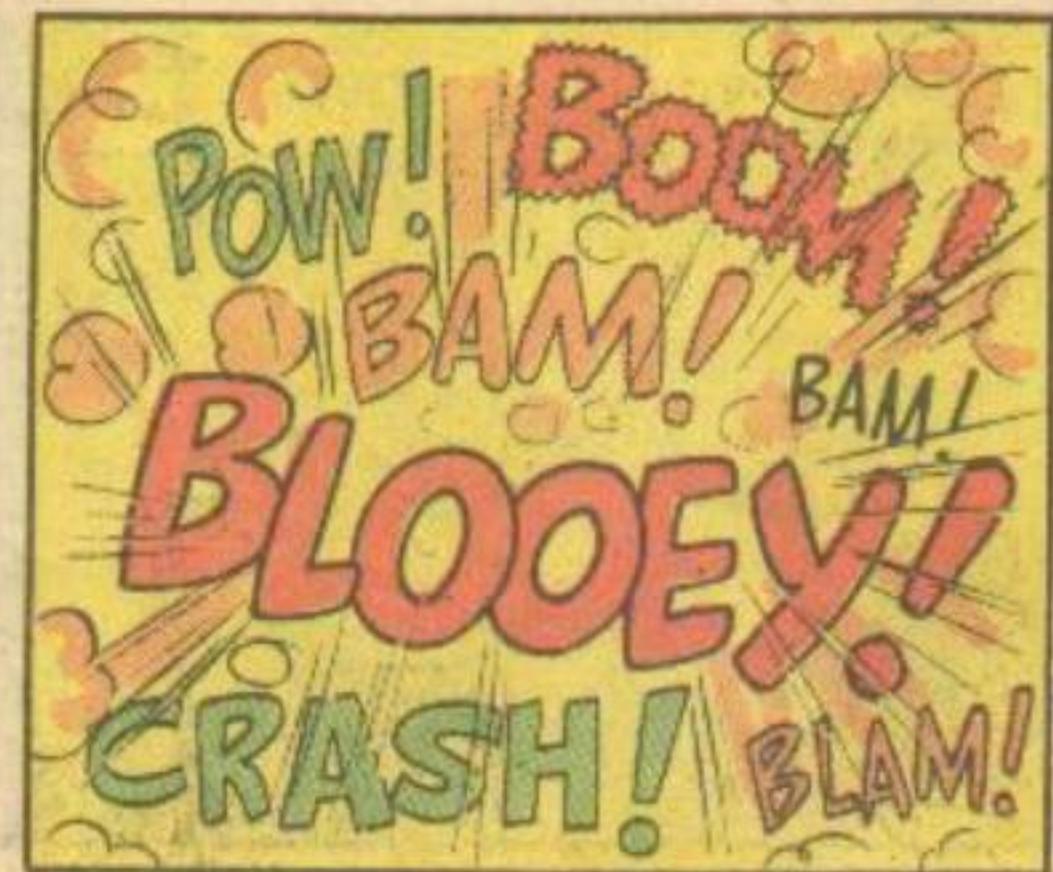
EEEK! THAT HORRIBLE  
DOG IS RUINING  
MY PLANTS!

YIPE! WHO CARES ABOUT  
YOUR SILLY OLD PLANTS?  
THEY'RE ATTACKING MY DOG!





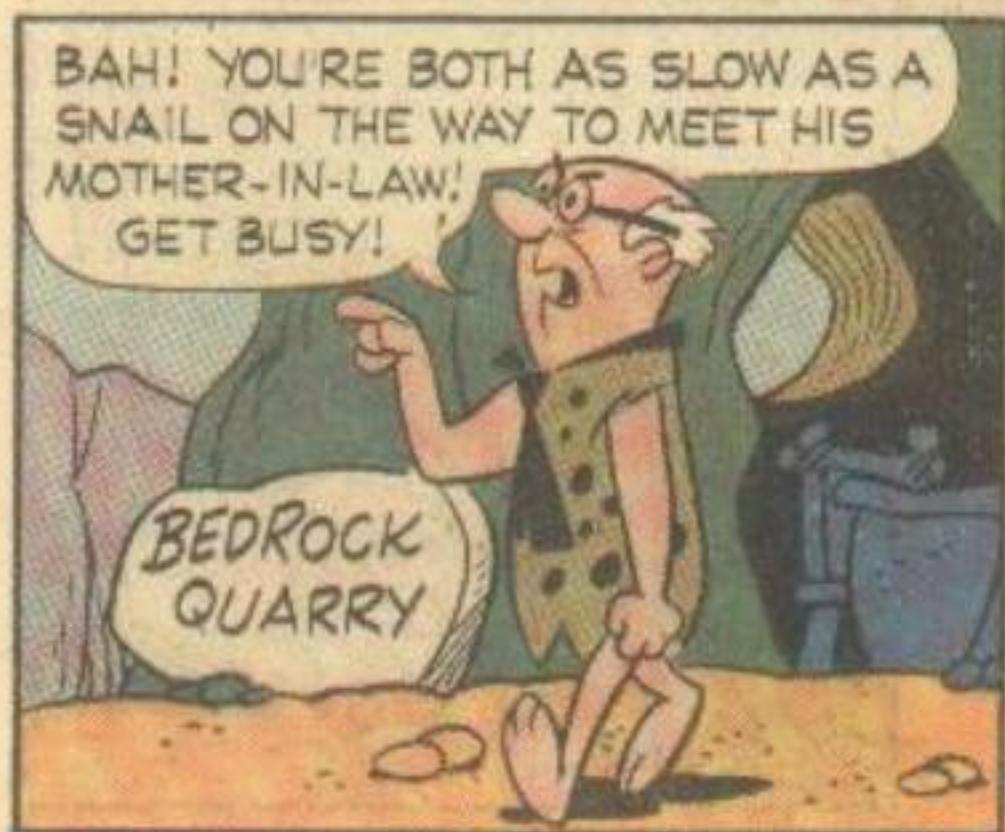
THE TWO  
POWERFUL  
FORCES  
MEET...



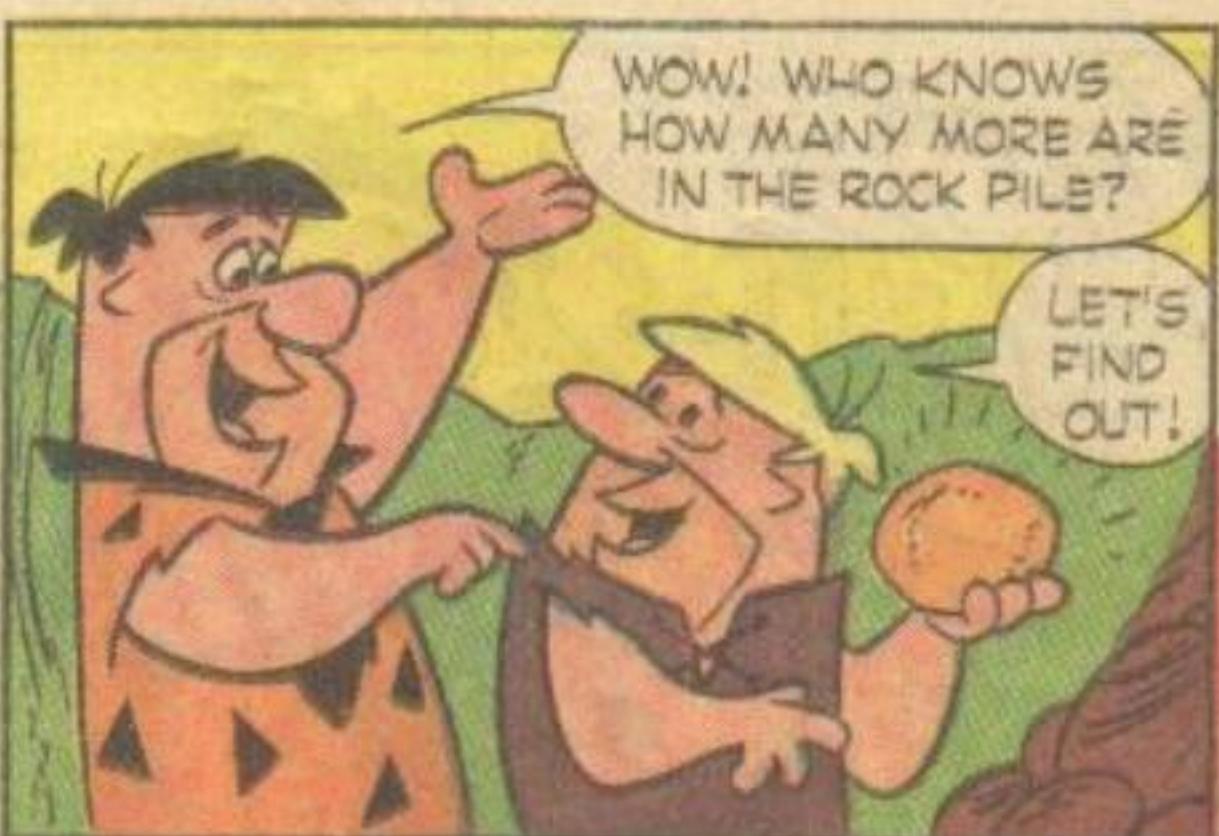
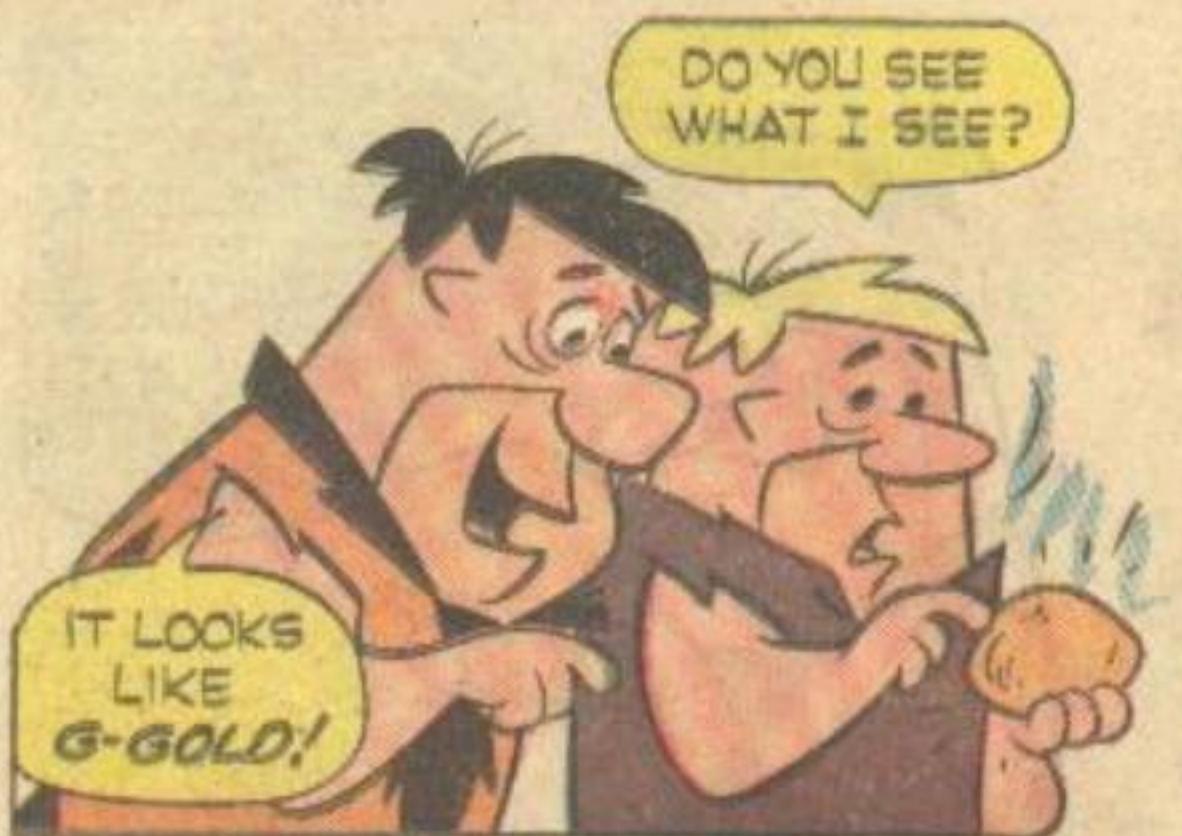
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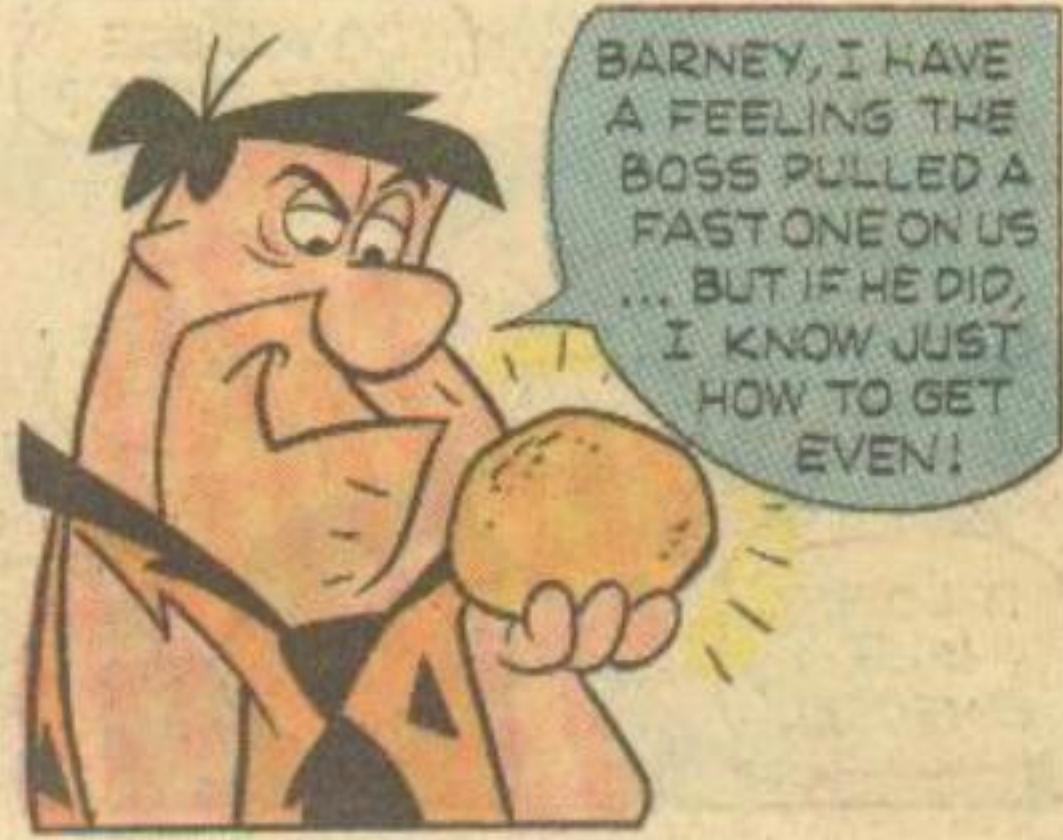
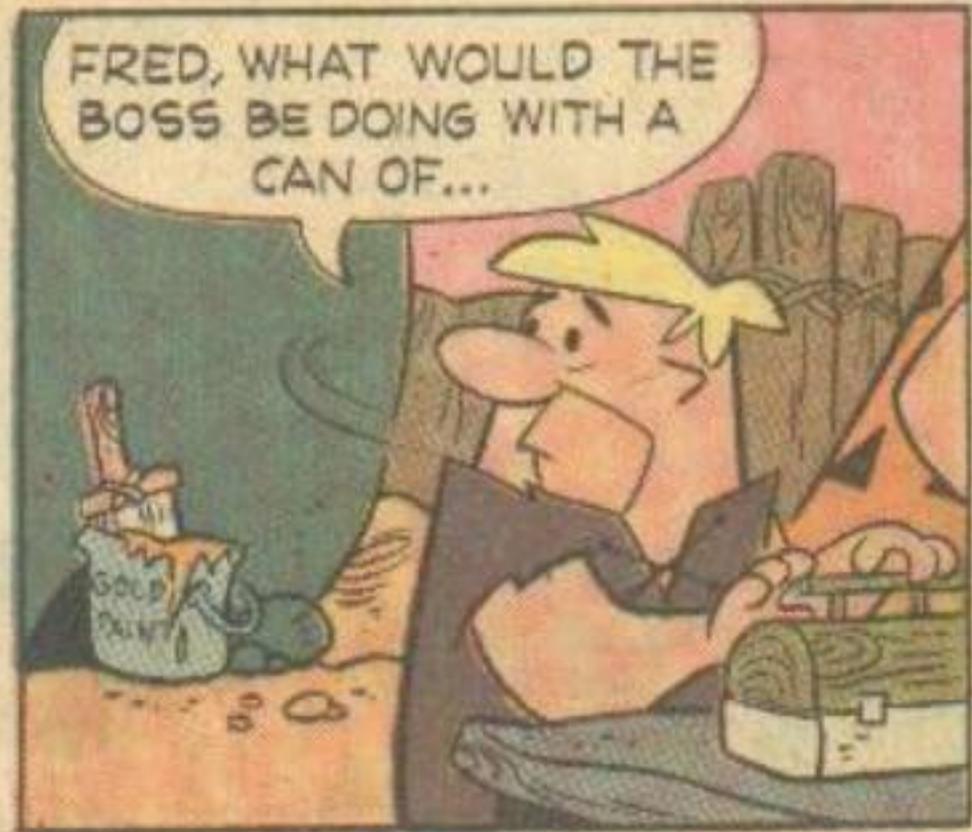
THE FLINTSTONES

# SOMETIMES GOLD IS A PAINTED ROCK









# L.C. LEPRECHAUN

'TIS LUCK TO CATCH  
A LEPRECHAUN!

LEPRECHAUN  
TRAP

HEH!  
HEH!

SLAM!

BUT NOBODY  
CAN!

'COURSE IF THEY DID—  
THEY'D CATCH MY  
LUCKY CHARMS!

'TIS A  
CHARMIN'  
CEREAL...

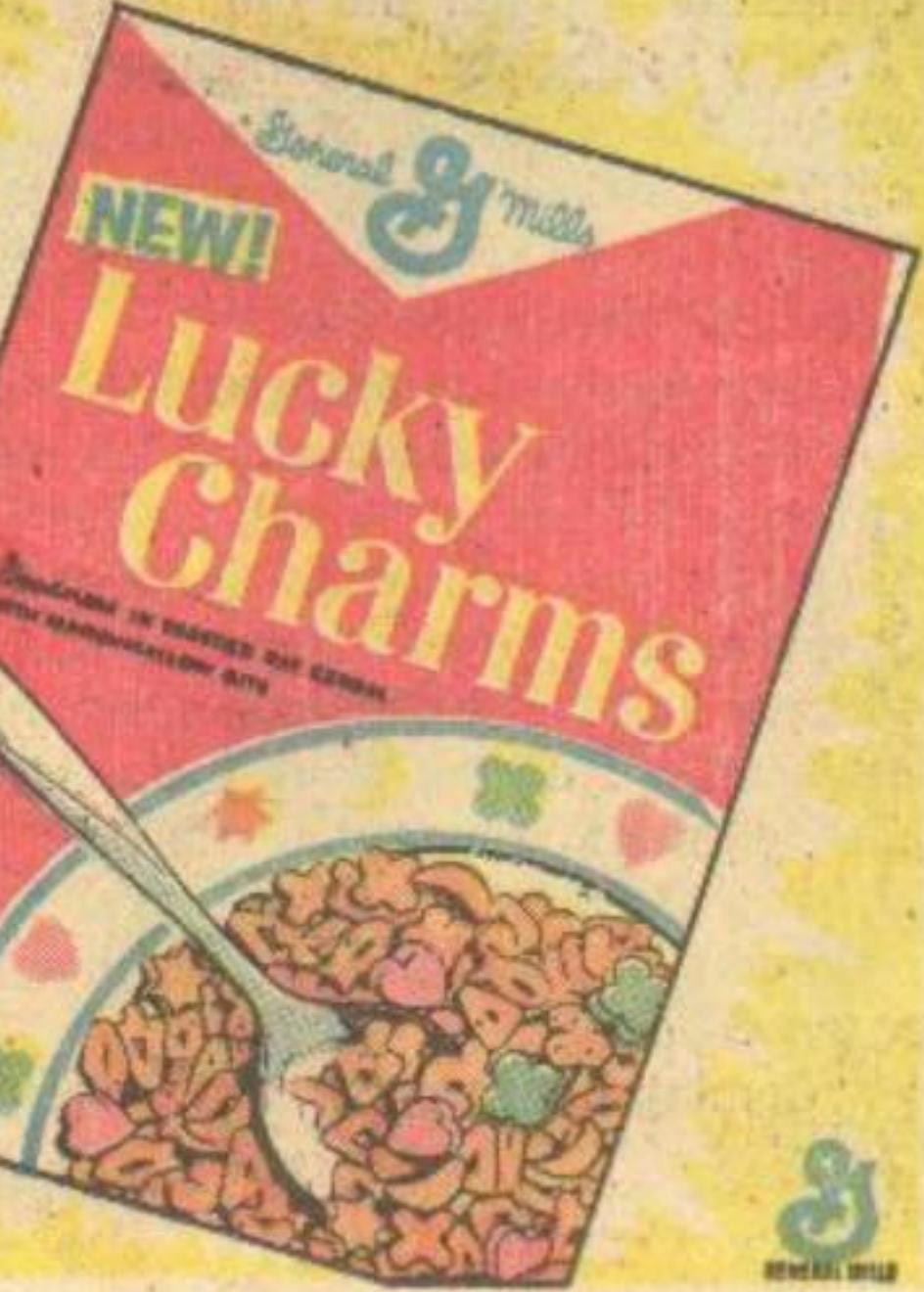
SIMPLY—

WHOOSH!

CHARMIN!

**LUCKY CHARMS**  
NEW TOASTED OAT CEREAL WITH  
**MARSHMALLOW**  
  
**LUCKY SHAPES!**

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL...  
SIMPLY CHARMIN'



# WHACKY WAITER



Perry was on a special plainclothesman-type assignment. Actually, his clothes weren't so plain. Dressed as a waiter and working in an elite restaurant, he was carrying a big stack of dirty dishes to the kitchen.

"Ugh . . . this is too much like real work," thought Perry. "But the Restaurant Association promised me a fat reward if I caught Dapper Dan, the crook who has been holding up restaurants all around town."

Perry was thinking about the reward so hard, he forgot to look where he was going. And where he was going was right smack into the swinging door to the kitchen, just as the manager was coming out! The door hit Perry in the face, knocking him down and sending the stack of dishes clattering to the floor in a million pieces.

The manager ran over to Perry, screaming half in anger, half in pain, "If you had a few more brains, you'd be a numbskull. I don't know why I hired you, but this is your last chance. Goof again and you're fired!"

Perry apologized. The manager, who just worked for the owner of the restaurant, did not know that Perry was really a detective in disguise, and Perry had to keep this job to watch out for Dapper Dan.

Perry was busy cleaning up the mess when a well-groomed gentleman in an expensive brown suit came in to eat. He had a briefcase with him and looked like a respectable businessman. (That's what people always thought, until he took a gun out of his briefcase and robbed the place, which is what he planned to do, after a nice lunch.)

Perry came over to serve him and the man ordered a hot roast beef sandwich with some mashed potatoes and gravy.

"Coming right up, Sir," said Perry, as he

hurried to place the order. He knew the manager's watchful eye was on him.

When Perry brought back the sandwich, he was so busy smiling at the manager that he tripped and dumped the whole plate in the nicely dressed gentleman's lap.

"Yeeeeeeeowwww!" shouted the man.

"Ulp . . . I'm sorry. But at least the gravy matches your suit," stuttered Perry.

"I must get cleaned up. I can't be seen like this," cried the man, running out.

The manager came storming over.

"I know," said Perry, before the manager had a chance to say a word, "I'm a clumsy idiot. But that guy didn't have to get so upset about getting his clothes a little dirty. What a dapper dan he . . ."

Perry stopped short when he realized what he'd said. "That man must be Dapper Dan, who is known for his fanatical cleanliness," thought Perry out loud.

Before the manager could fire him, Perry whipped off his apron and quit.

A few minutes later he barged into the closest cleaning shop in the neighborhood. Sure enough, he found Dan there, standing in a bathrobe as the cleaner fixed his suit. The crook was waiting impatiently.

Dan shouted at Perry, "Did you come to pay my cleaning bill, you stupid waiter?"

"No, I came to arrest you," answered our hero, pulling out his badge. "I knew I'd find you at the nearest cleaning shop. Dapper Dan would never go around dirty."

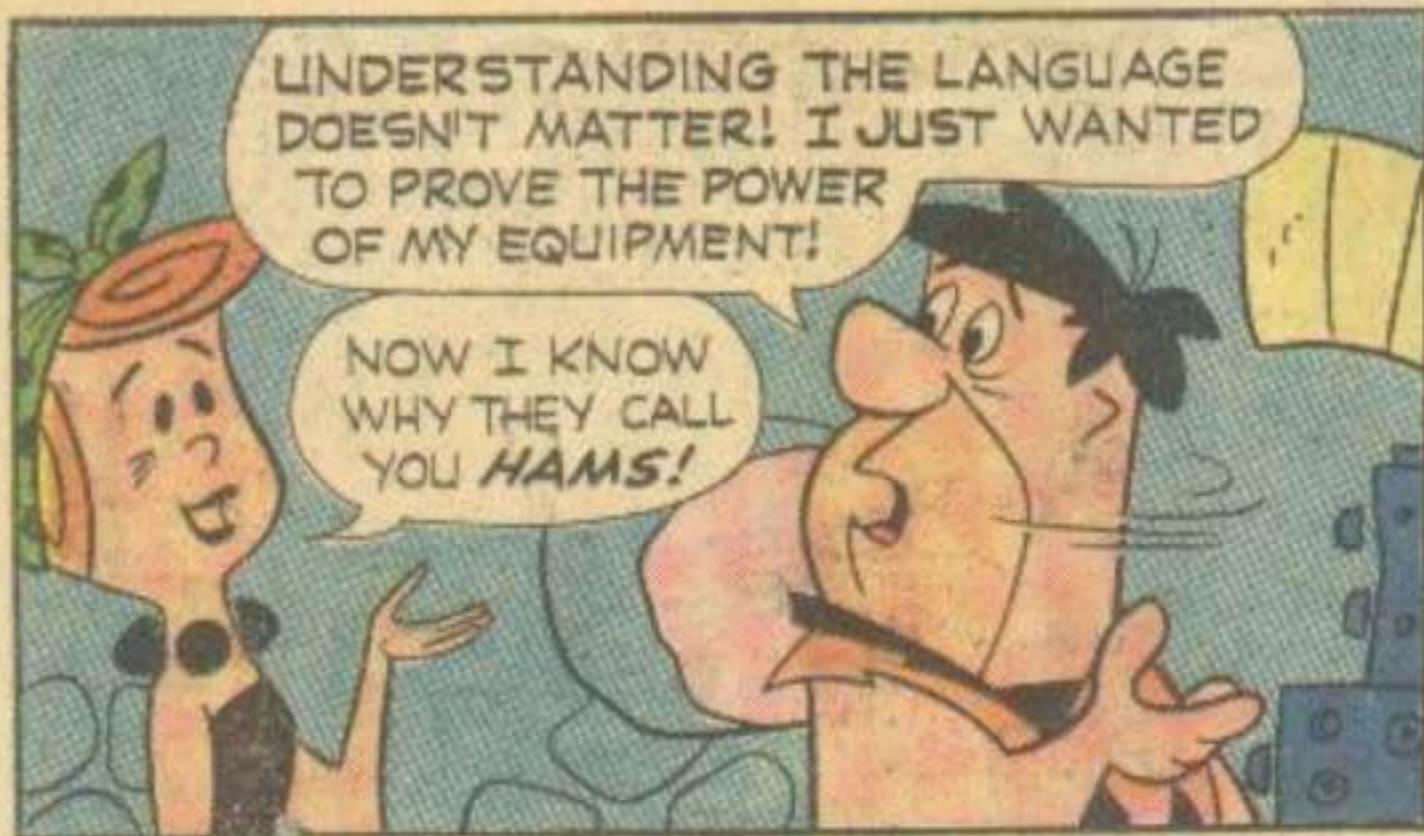
Dan cried all the way to jail . . . not because he was caught, but because he'd show up in front of all his prisoner pals in an old bathrobe the cleaner had loaned him.

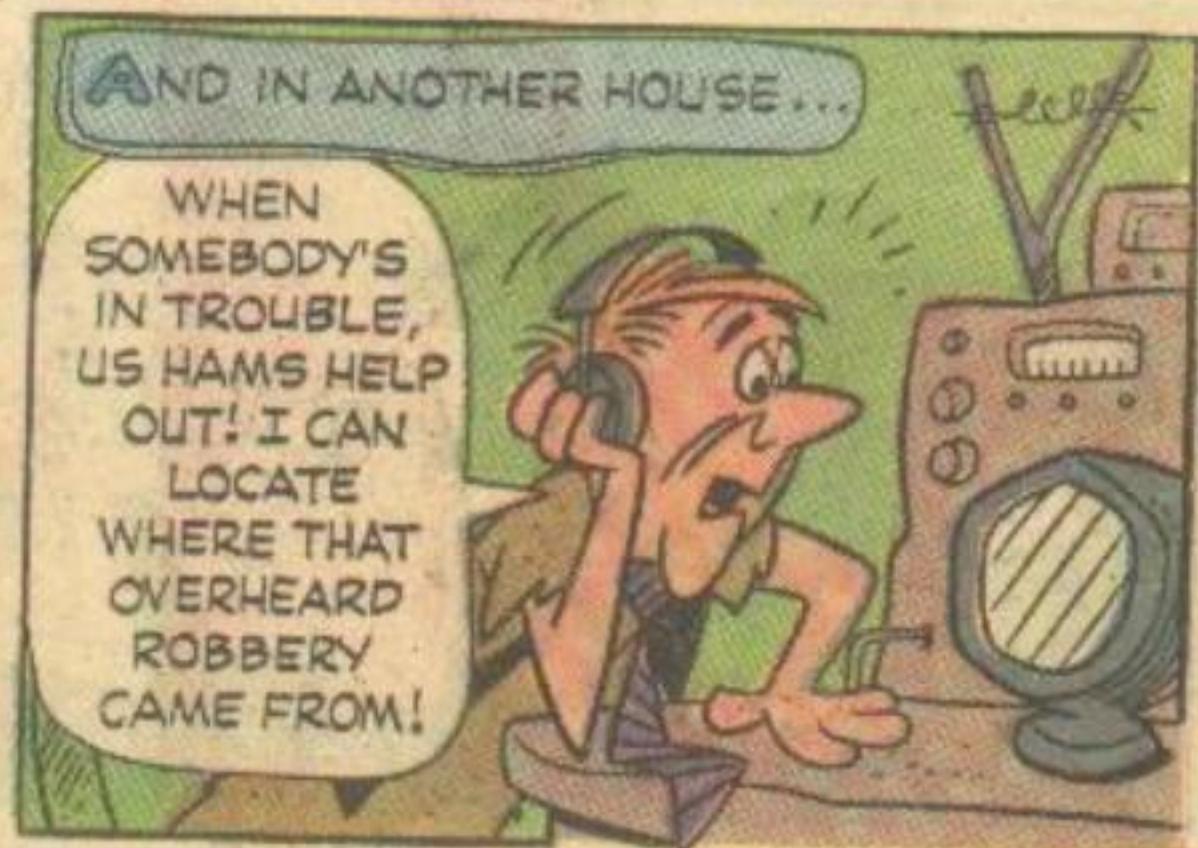
"I'll say one thing for Dapper Dan," Perry smiled, "he wasn't a dirty crook. Ha, ha!"

Hanna-Barbera

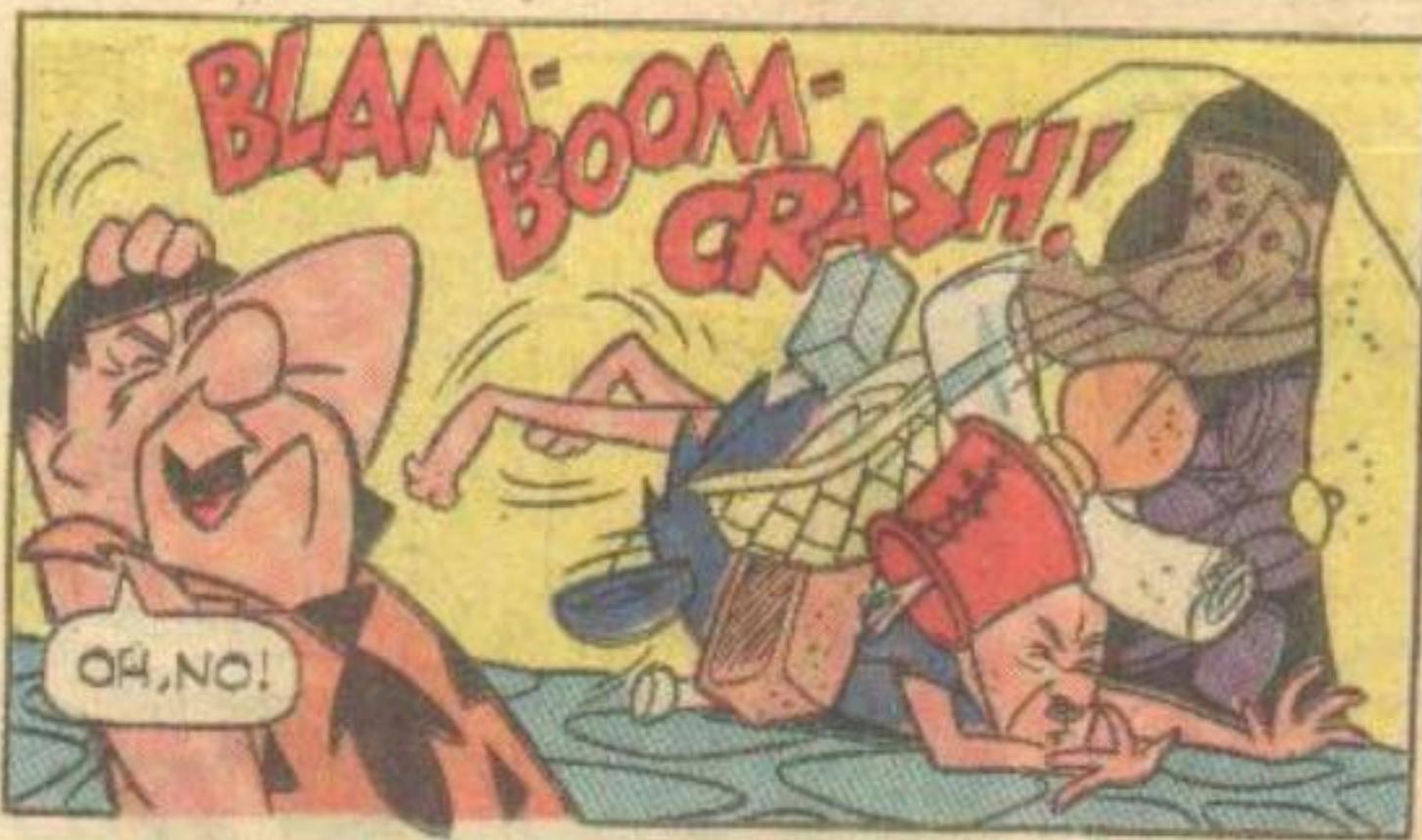
# THE FLINTSTONES RADIO RUCKUS

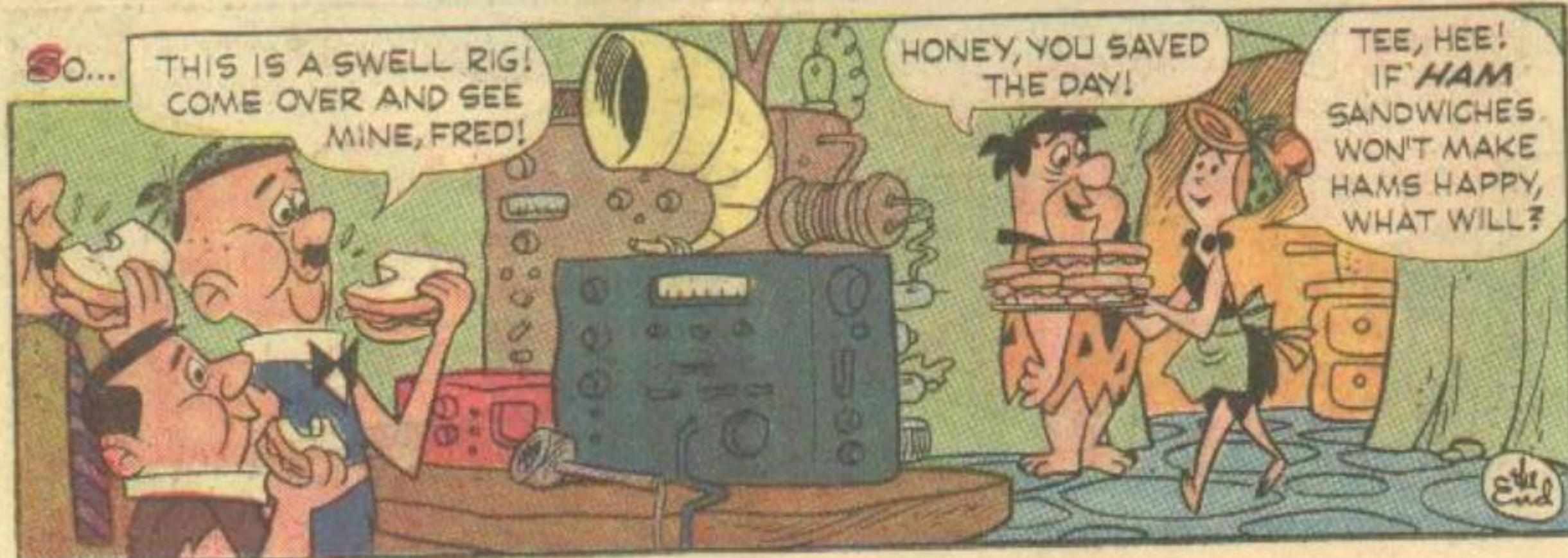












# HOW'S TRIX?

WELL WORTH  
DIGGING FOR...

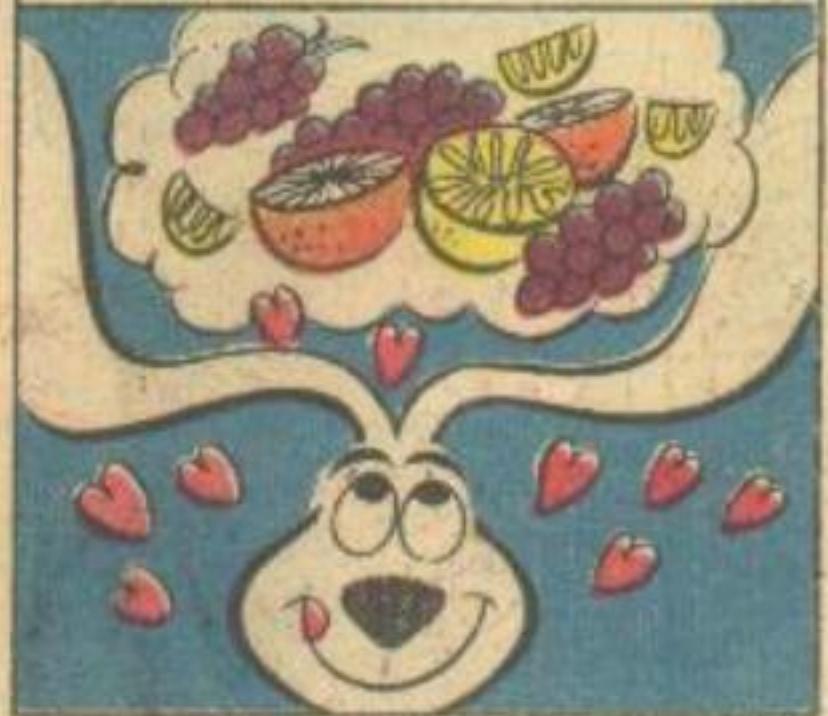
**TRIX** THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT!



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



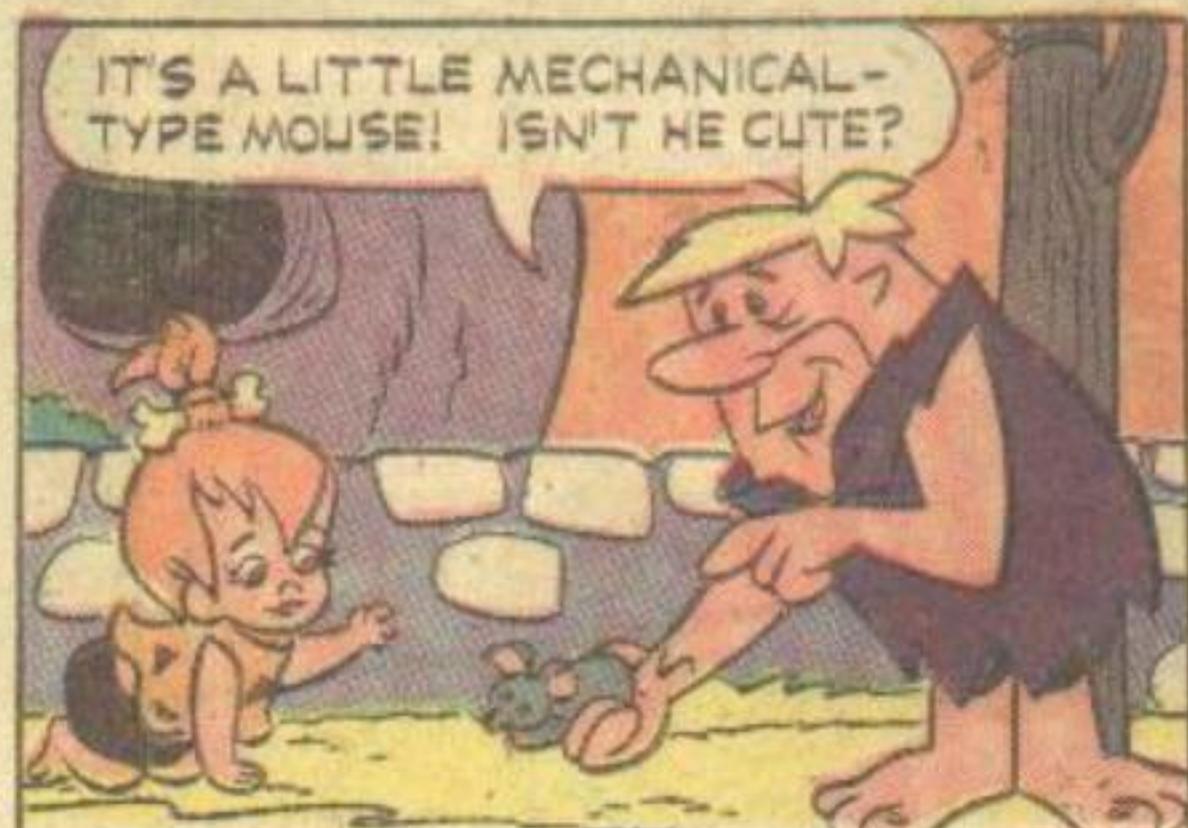
All your  
favorites are  
at their  
**BEST** in



**GOLD  
KEY  
COMICS**

Hanna-Barbera  
**THE FLINTSTONES**

# MOUSE IN THE HOUSE





(ULP!) I HAVE THE FEELING I SAID THE WRONG THING!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, HONEY! I PROMISE I'LL PUT OUT A FEW TRAPS IN THE KITCHEN TONIGHT AND THE MOUSE WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE MORNING!



THAT NIGHT...

FRED, I CAN'T SLEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT MOUSE! GO CHECK THE TRAPS!

(YAWN!) I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WAKE ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!



ALL RIGHT, FIREFLIES—RISE AND SHINE!



NOW TO CHECK THOSE TRAPS!



IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S CAUGHT SOMETHING!

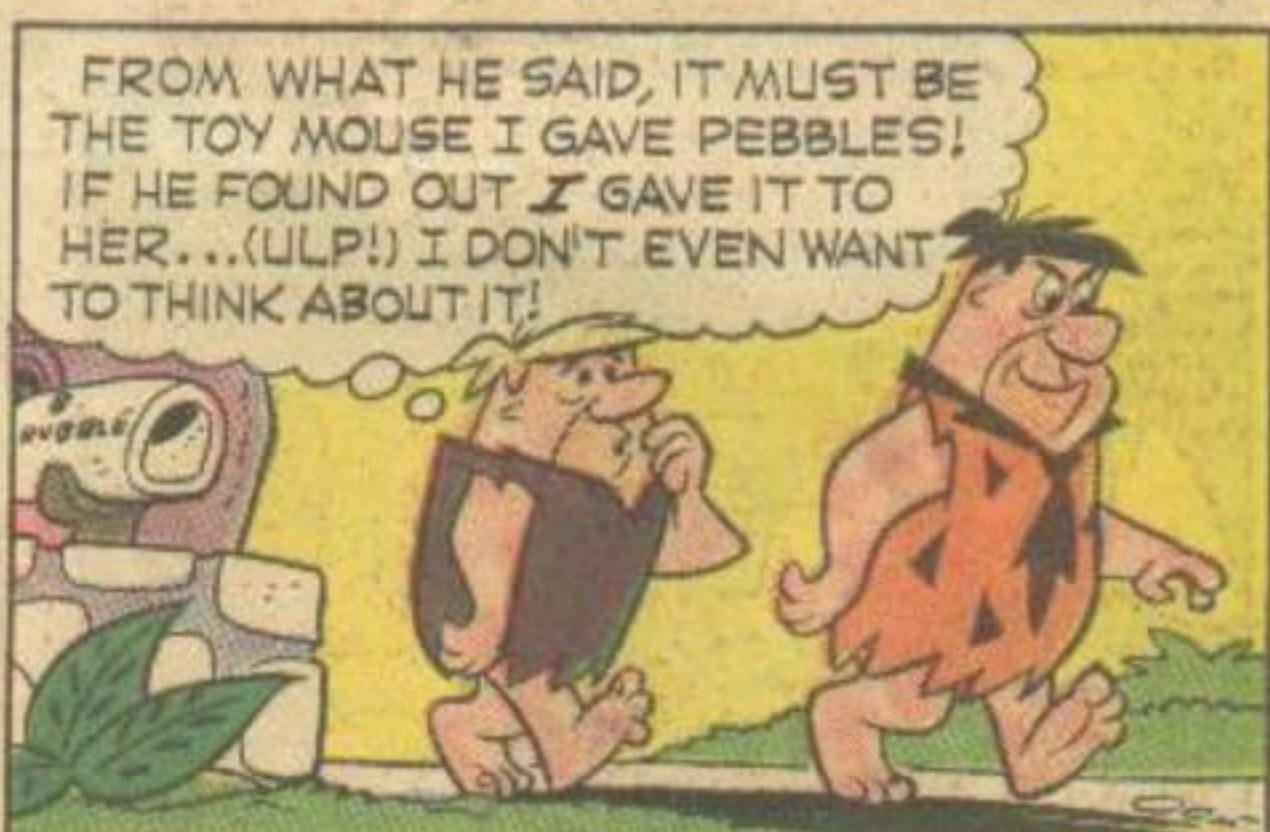
WHAP!  
SNAP!  
WHAM!  
BAM!



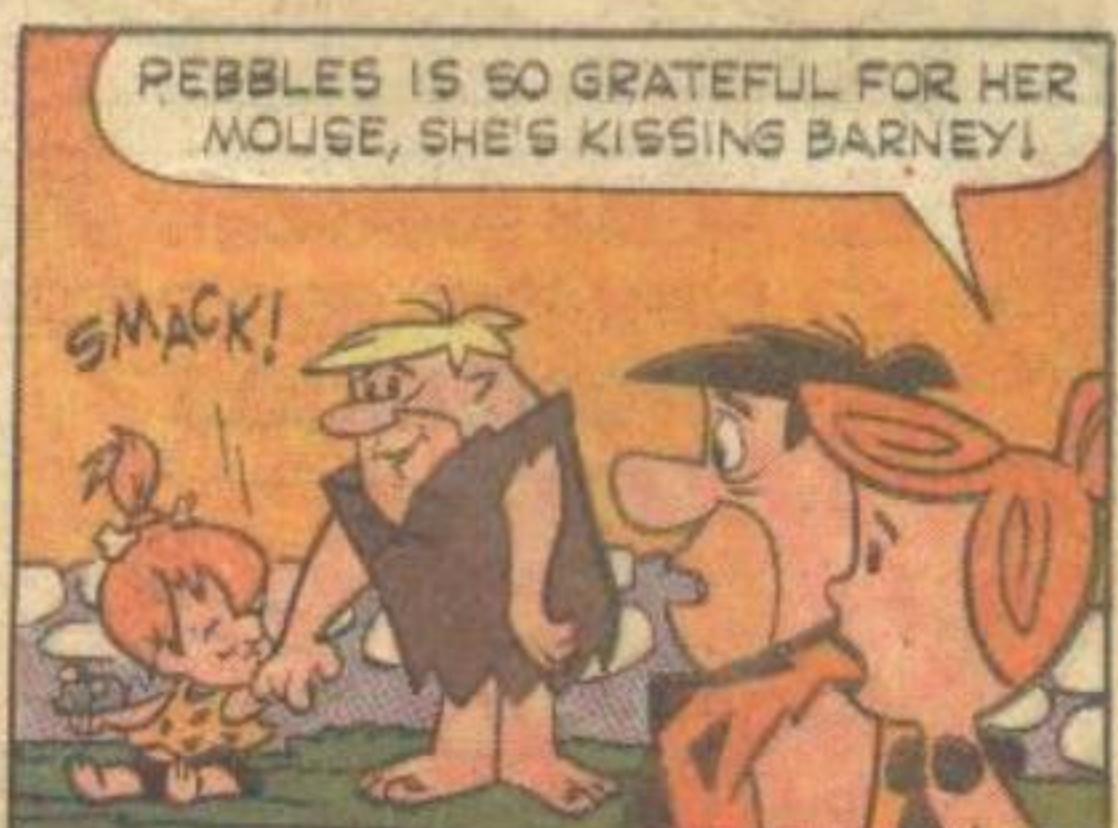
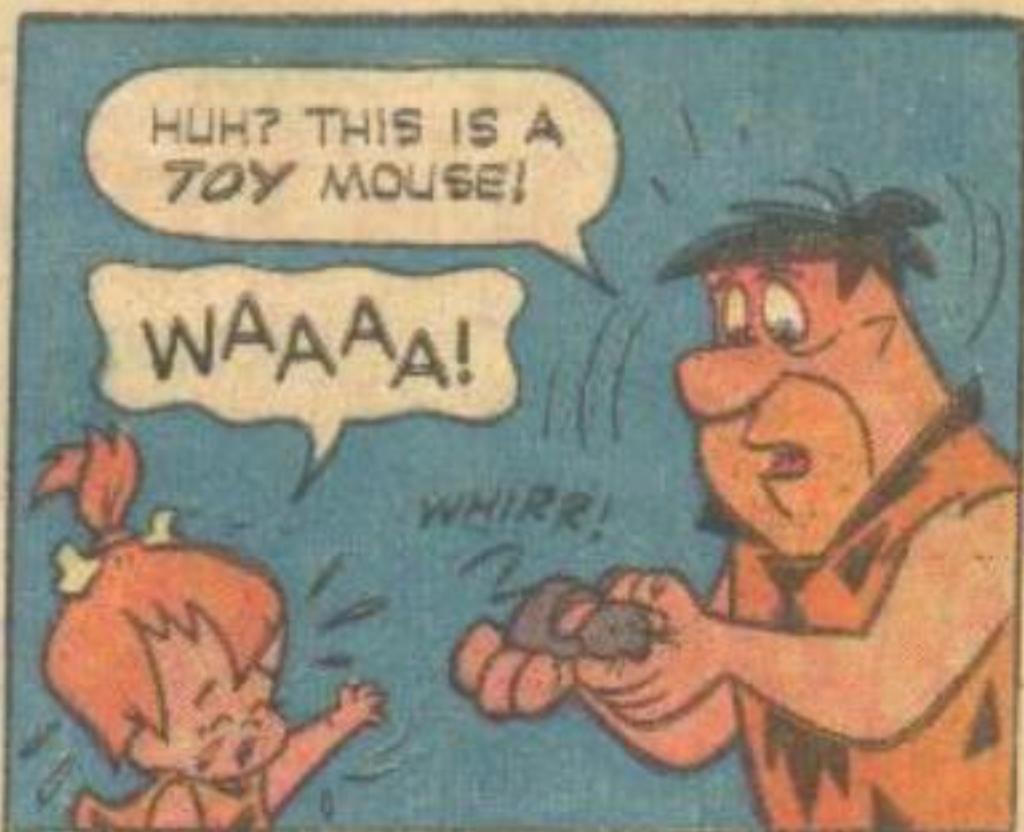
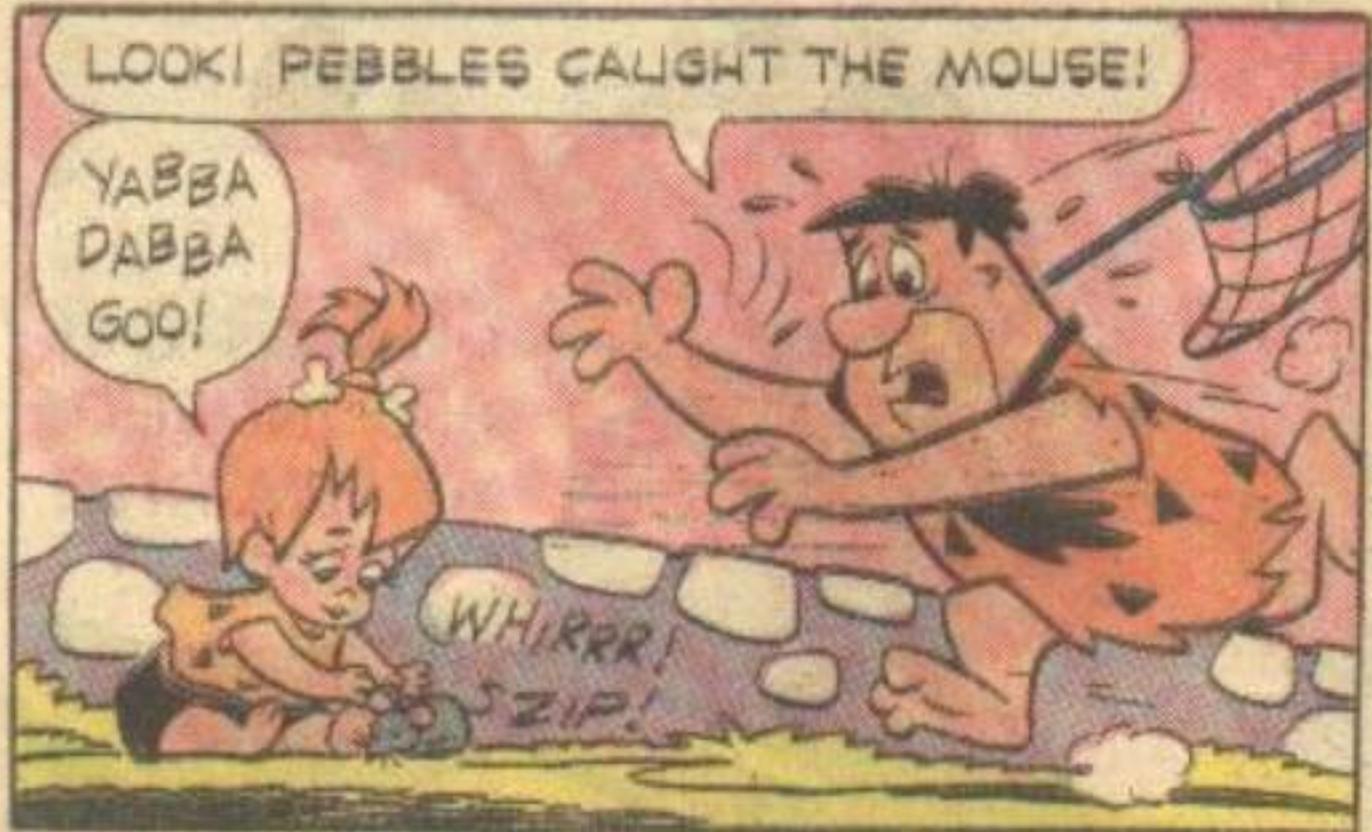
DID YOU CATCH ANYTHING, FRED?

YEAH! MY HAND, MY FOOT, AND MY NOSE! WILMA, THIS NONSENSE HAS GOT TO STOP!





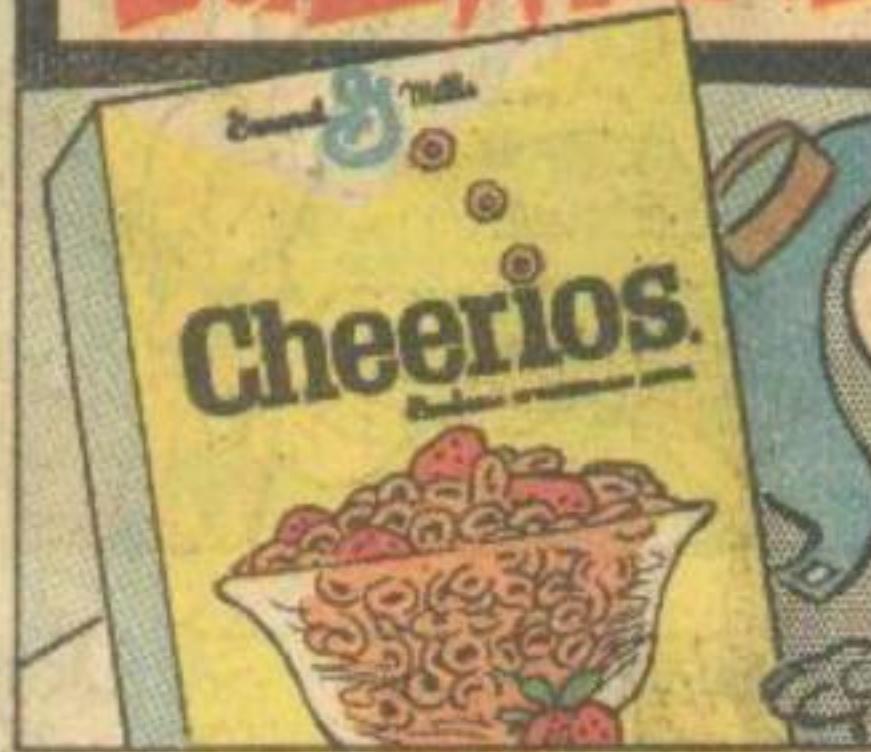




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ADVERTISEMENT

# ROCKY and BULLWINKLE



YES, ROCK,  
**CHEERIOS**  
ARE INDEED  
MY FAVORITE  
CEREAL!

**CHEERIOS' N' MILK GIVE**  
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'  
PROTEIN...



YOU MEAN EVERYONE SHOULD  
GO WITH THE GOODNESS  
OF **CHEERIOS**?



CERTAINLY!

CRASH!

HEY!

BUT THEY  
SHOULD WATCH  
WHERE THEY'RE  
GOING!

